

THE
FIRST
METAMORPHOSIS.

[Price One Shilling and Sixpence.]

METAMORPHOSIS

[Pencil sketching and shading]

ADAM'S TAIL;

PORTICO.

OR, THE

FIRST

METAMORPHOSIS.

~~A~~ Slave to Beauty's mild Dominion,
I dictate not my own Opinion;
An old Tradition I've related.

THE SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed for JOHN BELL, near EXETER-EXCHANGE, in the STRAND.

M.DCC.LXXIV..

A D A M'S T A L E

OR THE

F I R S T

M E T A M O R P H O S I S

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R66733

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5775 52

ADAM's TAIL;

OR, THE

FIRST METAMORPHOSIS.

WHEN Jove, as learned *Rabbins* say,
Had form'd our common Sire of Clay,
Had spun the Nerves, sublim'd the Juices,
And giv'n each Part its various Uses;
To grace the Monarch's princely Thighs,
And guard his royal Side from Flies
That might his tender Flesh assail,
He furnish'd ADAM with a Tail.

Conceive a perfect Tail---confest
Of all Tails possible the best---

B

Call ev'ry Pow'r of Recollection,
 Unite each Species of Perfection,
 Repeat each best Idea o'er,
 So long till you can climb no more;
 And when you find this Aggregate
 Of abstract Excellence complete,
 Just shape it to a *Tail*, dear Madam!
 And such a *Tail* was that of ADAM.

15

Nor let the modest Fair misdeem,
 Nor lightly prize the Poet's Theme;
 For, trust me, Ladies, if you think
 That *Tails* were only made to stink;
 If your Ideas of them be
 Not full of Grace and Dignity;
 Attend, and it shall soon be shewn
 The Fault's not Nature's, but your own.

20

25

Observe the Peacock! see him strut
 With conscious Pride, Foot after Foot,
 His golden Plumage all unfurl'd,
 As if he said, " I scorn the World!"

30

Now,

METAMORPHOSIS.

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Now, where does all this Beauty lie
That makes him rear his Head so high?

The Answer's known to all the Crowd,
It is his *Tail* that makes him proud.

Or view the stately Steed; or view 35

The Lap-dog, Miss! that fawns on you;

Or *Torty*, purring by the Fire,

Or Squirrel in his Cage of Wire;

Is there in all these pretty Creatures

A Part which more adorns their Natures, 40

A Part whose Excellence prevails

Above the Beauty of their *Tails*?

Cut off their *Tails*; the lordly Steed

Beneath the Drayman's Lash may bleed;

The Squirrel, disregarded then, 45

Might seek his wild Woods once agen;

The playful *Shock*, might turn a Spit,

And *Torty*, live upon her Wit.

Thus, from the greatest to the least,

The *Tail*'s the Pride of ev'ry *Beast*. 50

But tell me, Ladies! were my Quill
 To try one more Example still;
 Should I assert, in serious Tone,
 It is on *this Account* alone,
 (As something whispers me I can) 55
 That *Woman* is the *Pride* of *Man*;
 Were I to prove, that she whose Charms,
 Rouz'd HOMER's Heroes up in Arms;
 That she, whose magic Smiles to boast,
 A *Roman* thought the World well lost; 60
 That *Cropp* herself, that heav'nly Maid!
 Are all but *Tails* in Masquerade;
 Say, would not then the Subject rise
 To high Importance in your Eyes?
 Would not the Poet quickly hear 65
 Some Female whisper in his Ear---
 "Forbear, rash Youth, th' advent'rous Flight!"
 "None but a *Muse* of *Tails* should write."
 Such *was* his *Tail*---But mark the Change!
 JOVE, in a short Time, chanc'd to range 70

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5

On Earth, some new Design to plan,
 And mark his new-form'd Creature, *Man*;
 Hoping to find each Part and Limb
 Quite elegant, compact and trim,
 And, to see ev'ry Feature shine 75
 With such a radiant Grace divine,
 With such a Dignity as suits
 The lordly Monarch of the Brutes,
 And Master-piece of the Creation;
 But O! how great was his Vexation, 80
 To find that *Tail*, e'erwhile so fair,
 So trimly deck'd with golden Hair,
 That *Tail*, with so much Pains prepar'd,
 To serve at once for Grace and Guard,---
 ---To find that *Tail* so scrubb'd and ragged 85
 With Filth, that ADAM scarce could wag it!
 So foul with many a dirty Lump,
 That, form'd to guard, it gall'd his Rump!
 So fraught with favours Supplies,
 It serv'd but to *invite* the Flies! 90
 And

And so deform'd poor ADAM's Look,
 JOVE for a *Monkey* him mistook!
 Beauty *before*, and Filth *behind*,
 Were so ridiculously join'd,
 That JOVE himself, tho' full of Spleen,
 In secret smil'd to view the Scene.

But Rage, and Disappointment, soon
 Refrain'd his Mirth, and turn'd his Tune.

" Is this that human Form Divine

" Where Dignity and Grace combine! 100

" Is this the Breath of Life embodi'd!

" The express Image of the Godhead!

" For universal Empire suited!

" If this be he---O! how be-muted---

" How fall'n from him I form'd to share 105

" The Blisses of *Olympian* Air!

" From him, whom VENUS self might kiss!

" O cruel Metamorphosis!

" And must I then resign my Plan

" Because I've given a *Tail* to *Man*? 110

" Shall

" Shall Brutes rebel and make a Fuss,
 " And say ' *This Man's but one of Us?*'
 " Shall Systems be to Ruin hurl'd,
 " And Anarchy resume the World,
 " And *Chaos* once again prevail, 115
 " Because a King b-----s his *Tail?*
 " It must not be---I swear by STYX
 " Proud FATE! I *will* not bear thy Tricks!
 " *Tails* perish first!" The Monarch said;
 And shook the Honours of his Head. 120

'Tis an old Thesis and a true,
 " With HEAV'N to *will* implies to *do*."
 So off came *Tail*, nor left a Stump,
 But parted even from his Rump;
 So off came *Tail*, and lifeless lay, 125
 Congenial with its Parent-clay;
 So off came *Tail*; and *Pride* and *Grace*
 Triumphant flew and seiz'd the Place,
 With LOVE and JOY, and all their Train;
 And ADAM was *himself* again. 134

JOVE view'd the *Tail* when fall'n behind,
 And mighty Projects fill'd his Mind.
 " Poor *Tail*! says he, as round he views it,
 " In Faith, 'tis Pity thus to lose it!
 " Its Beauties, to be sure, are faded; 135
 " But 'twas fine Stuff of which I made it.
 " More Dirt than *Tail* appears, 'tis true;
 " But then what's of it's almost new.
 " And tho' its Shape be something warp'd,
 " Its Brightness full'd and absorpt, 140
 " Yet may it easily be roll'd
 " Into some new and graceful Mould,
 " And if these Fates don't mar my Plan,
 " Made a new Source of Bliss to Man.
 " In this new Form it still may be 145
 " Us'd in its old Capacity;
 " In this new Form may still depend
 " On ADAM as an humble Friend;
 " Still serve his Pleasure, mark his Will,
 " And solace his *Posteriors* still." 150

The

The Scheme is fix'd, the Nod is given,
 That powerful Nod that shakes the Heaven.
 The *Tail*, obedient to the Nod,
 Arose a *Woman* from the Sod. 155
 Arose, not with that aukward Motion,
 Of which old OVID had a Notion,
 Of *gradual* Length'nings, Thick'nings, Buddings,
 (Like an old Housewife stuffing Puddings ;)
 Of springing Arms, and sprouting Noses,
 And all th'*Etcæteras* HE discloses ; 160
 (While one Part, form'd, deserts the Mass,
 And t'other, heavy, hangs an A--e,
 As if the Artist were a Dunce ;)
 Not so---our *Tail* arose at *once* ;
 Arose, erect in youthful Grace, 165
 Fairer than all that Paint can trace,
 Or Tongue describe, or Heart conceive ;
 And ADAM *knew his Consort* EVE.

Thus say the *Rabbins*, Men who knew
 Scripture as well as we can do. 170

They say not MOSES told a Fib
 In drawing EVE from ADAM'S Rib;
 But, that, through Ignorance of their Tongue,
 Divines translate the Passage wrong;
 And that the *Septuagint* imposes
 A Tale on us, *not* told by MOSES. 175

Who tells the Truth, or who's the Liar,
 Ill suits the Comic Muse t'enquire:
 Yet if we'll take this plain Account,
 And candidly reflect upon't 180
 With due Sedateness for a Minute,
 We'll find there's no Absurdness in it;
 We'll find that many Facts exist,
 Which with small labour one might twist
 So as t'authenticate the Story 185
 By *Argument à posteriori*.

A few of these I'll now make use of;
 The World be Judge if they're conclusive.

And first, we know, 'tis often said
 In *Scripture*, that the *Man's* the *Head*, 190

Which

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11

Which seems obliquely to reveal

A Hint that *Woman* is the *Tail*.

The same Conclusion we may draw

From the old Oracles of *Law*.

Judge LITTLETON, whom every Pleader

195

At Bench and Bar allows his Leader,

He on whose Word there's such Reliance,

His *Name* alone contains the Science,

Whose very *Night-cap* so demure, is

A kind of *Apotheca Juris*

200

Of such Authority, that COKE

With it has frontispic'd his Book,

And in it dress'd, the more to oblige us,

That famous Author's true Effegies---

(O! would to Heav'n some wizard Touch

205

Would coif our *Barons* all in such,

As much more suited to their Figure

And Dignity than Hat and Wig are!

C 2

Who

Line 198. *His Name alone contains the Science* [This alludes to the Title-page of *Coke on Littleton*, in which our Commentator asserts, that *Littleton* is not the Name of the Author only, but of the *Law* itself.]

Who then so soon would gain the Ears
 And Judgments of th' assembled Peers, 210
 What Grannam speak with such Applause,
 'Gainst Reason, Justice, and the Laws,
 Or *damn* all *Genius* with such Spirit
 As Goody E---E, and Goody P----T!

-----But stop, my Muse! Enough of this--- 215
 Conclude thy long Parenthesis!)

Judge LITTLETON, I say, reporteth
 In sixteenth Section, Page the fortieth,

‘ That whensoever Grants are made,
 ‘ Or Lands or Tenements convey’d, 220
 ‘ (Due legal Forms observ’d) for Life,
 ‘ To GEOFRY and his *present Wife*,
 ‘ And when they both are dead and rotten,
 ‘ Then to his *Heirs on her begotten*,
 ‘ Reverting, when *such* Issues fail;--- 225
 ‘ Such Grants are made in *special Tail*.

‘ But

Line 213. *Damn all Genius.*] Alluding to the late Affair of literary Property, in which those great Lawyers were of Counsel with the Pirates of the North.

M E T A M O R P H O S I S. 113

But when *no certain Wife's* express'd,
 'Tis then *Tail general* confess'd.
 From this Position, 'tis most plain,
 That all the learn'd of EDWARD'S Reign, 230
 If there be any Truth in Books,
 Took *Wives* and *Tails* for Equivokes.
 In various *Customs* too we trace
 The *Origin* of *Woman's Race*.
 Search thro' the *Annals* of *Mankind*, 235
 Read o'er their *Histories*, you'll find
 Mongst the *politer Nations*, few
Expose their *Wives* to public View.
 The *Inner-Room*, the *Mask*, the *Veil*,
 The lattic'd *Haram*, close *Serail*, 240
 All prove them to *that Part* allied
 Which *Mankind* always *strive* to *hide*.
 Full many a Sage of rev'rend Beard
 Has said, *Maids* never should be *heard*;
 Which proves they draw their Birth from *thence* 245
 Where ev'ry *Whisper* gives *Offence* !

In

In *India* 'twould expose your Life,
 To ask an Husband How's this *Wife*,
 Merely as being quite *indecent*,
 And carrying an implied Disgrace in't,
 Just so with us 'twere an Affront
 T' express in Terms direct and blunt,
 At least in all politer Places,
 Th' *Antipodes* of Human Faces
 On the same Grounds, the *French*, 'tis known,
 Exclude all *Females* from the *Throne*,
 As thinking rather strange to see
 The *Tail* usurp the *Sex*'s reign.
 These Solecisms, these motley scenes,
 Of Patriot Mobs, and *Women Queens*,
 France, with the Love of Order smitten,
 Leaves to the freeborn Sons of *Britain*.
 And *Britain*'s lordly Realm, that still
 Disclaims all Law but her own Will,
Britain with ev'ry Whim delighted,
 Where once a *Loin of Beef* was knighted.

Britain

Line 247.] Vide *Picart. Relig. Banians*, Vol. 4, passim.

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151

Britain, (when Kings could not content)
Who bow'd to a *Rump Parliament*!
She, leaving Nature's Track behind,
Flings cold Decorum to the Wind, 270
And swears, whate'er she wins or loses,
She'll place *her* Crown on *what* she chuses!

And yet, even here, from Sire to Son
This same Tradition seems to run;
And Parents the great Truth convey 275
Sketch'd out in many a childish Play,
Thus, mark whene'er two Boys you meet
Playing *Chuck-Farthing* in the Street,
With Coins, that thro' their ancient Rust
On *one Side* shew a *manly Bust*, 280
While on the *other Side* impress,
A *Female* Figure stands confest:
You'll find, as up the Halfpence fly,
While *Heads or Tails* is all the Cry,
That those few thoughtless Words explain 285

The very Thesis I maintain;

And

And full as well the Truth defend,

As learn'd Quotations without End.

Whoe'er with careful Eye examines

The *Marriage-Rites* amongst the *Bramins*,

290

Will find in these, *Tails* still employed,

As the best Emblems of a *Bride*.

To Heav'n-sprung *Ganges*' sacred Banks

When Maids and Youths descend in Ranks

To see some Lover and his Wife,

295

And the Priest join their Hands for Life,

(If Trav'lers tell us not amiss)

The Ceremony's simply this.

The Lover at the Priest's Command,

Just takes a *Cow's Tail* in one Hand,

300

With t'other Hand the *Wife* embracing,

And thus receives the *Bramin's* Blessing.

Line 289.] ^u*Purchas*, in his Extract of Voyages tells us, that on the Coast of *Bernarez*, the Lover and his Mistress, attended by a *Bramin* and a *Cow*, repair to the Banks of the *Ganges*, and go down into the River all together; the Husband then lays hold of the *Cow's Tail* with one Hand, and takes his Wife's Hand in the other, and thus the *Bramin* pronounces the Formulary.

In

METAMORPHOSIS.

17

In JAVA's Island, ev'ry Swain
That Walks in HYMEN's festive Train,
Carries, in Honour of the Fair, 305
A *Horse Tail* waving in the Air.

Now sure 'twere foolish to suppose
Or dream that either these or those,
So strange a Custom would have borrow'd,
Without some decent Reason for it, 310
But, if our System you'll admit,
And own *they* might have heard of it,
Their Rites will then so just appear,
You'll ask why not adopted *here*.

The *Turks*, as all our Authors tell us 315
Are a sad Pack of liquorish Fellows;
One Wife for them can never do---
Your merest *Commoner* has *Two*;
And for your *Bashaw*, your *Grandee*,
Th' indulgent Laws allow *him three*. 320

Line 303] This, I think, is mentioned in *De Bry's Description of the East Indies*. But it is universally known.

D

Now

Say, doth not ev'ry one who reads,

Anticipate what next succeeds?

And swear 'tis *hence* the Phrase prevails

That files them *Bashaws* of *three Tails*?

From *Classic Learning* next, we're able 325

To bring some Proofs irrefragable.

When NESTOR at the *Greeks* would rail

For what we'd construe *turning Tail*,

He plainly tells their whining Bands,

They'd *turn'd* meer *Women* on his Hands: 330

Now there is something sure so clear

And plain in NESTOR'S Language here,

So bright a Glare of Truth about it

That *Woman's Tailship* can't be doubted.

This System too may serve t' explain us 335

The Myst'ry of the *Birth* of VENUS.

For *she*, if Poets' Pens may guide us,

Queen of IDALIA, CYPRUS, CNIDUS!

She, whose persuasive, gentle Sway

The Tribes of Nature all obey!

LOVE'S

LOVE's Deity, and BEAUTY's Pattern?
First issu'd from the *Tail* of SATURN,
(Which JOVE, one Morning in a Freak
Cut off, and threw into a Lake.)

A Proof beyond all Contradiction 345
Of our Account, tho' wrapt in Fiction?
Telling the World, in simple Prose,
'Twas from a *Tail* that Woman rose?

But say, should those fallacious be,-----
Read, *Natural Philosophy*.----- 350

When Men are marry'd, FATE adorns
Their lordly Foreheads oft with *Horns*;
And where's the Beast o'er Hill or Dale
That carries *Horns* without a *Tail*?
The Truth is this, to end all Strife, 355
The *Tail* we look for, is,---the *Wife*.

When Brutes *evacuate*, Sages say,
They still remove their *Tails* away.
Thus Fox-hunters, (when o'er their Liquor
They join to fuddle and shame the Vicar,) 360

Before the *smutty Toast* goes round,
 Or *smuttier Song* begins to sound,
 Or *Chamber-pot* is brought by JOHN,
 First see the *Ladies* all are gone.

Men marry *Wives*, 'tis often said, 365
 To keep their *Back-parts* warm in Bed;
 Now, either all my Judgment fails,
 Or this will just apply to *Tails*.

The *Beagle's* mail, that in the Chace
 Still serves him in a Rudder's Place, 370
 Which Way so'er he speeds his Flight,
 Turn he to left Hand or to Right,
 To Hill or Dale, you'll always see
 His *Tail* turn quite the contrary,
 Now, to each Husband I'll appeal, 375
 Does not his *Wife* just act the *Tail*,
 When she, whate'er is done or said,
 Still turns diversely from her *Head*;
 When she, whatever Course he take,
 Opposes, for opposing sake; 380

Or

Or if thro' mere Caprice and Whim
When brought at last along with him,
She writhes on, fullenly, and slow,
As if she said, I hate to go;
Is she not still, in human Form,
The wounded *Tail* of Snake or Worm? 385

Range round the World, view ev'ry Beast,
From BRITAIN'S Plains to ZAARA'S WASTE,
Travel from CHILI to VERSAILLES,
Save Men and Apes, all Beasts have *Tails*. 390
Search from St. JAMES'S to JAPAN,
All Beasts have *Tails* but Apes and Man.
Fate, some Way to supply this Want,
Or soften the Severeness on't,
If an old Proverb tells us true, 395
Divided *Woman* 'twixt the two.
Those who have Fortune, Beauty, Birth,
Fall to the Men's Share here on Earth,
While those whose Maidenhood escapes,
Are giv'n below, they say, to Apes. 400

The

The Sense of this old Law, in vain
 Has puzzled many a Sage's Brain;
 Yet in three Words it may be shewn;
Women are Tails, and Apes have none.

A thousand Facts conspire to prove 405
 When Instinct prompts the Brutes to Love,
 That still the *Tail's* th' *immediate Aim*
 And primal Object of their Flame.

Why darts yon Steed so fierce an Eye?
 Why beats his Pulse so quick and high? 410
 Why ev'ry Nerve with Ardor glows?
 Yon Filley's *Tail* has caught his Nose.

What ails poor *Pompey*? In the Streets
 Why scents he ev'ry *Tail* he meets?
 Why whirls he round if left alone, 415
 Following in eager Chace, *his own*,
 With fruitless Ardor o'er and o'er,
 And never nearer than before?
 Why sudden stops he in his Race
 At ev'ry Puppy's watering Place? 420

What

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What Symptoms do these Facts discover?

Why *Pompey*, Madam, 's grown a *Lover*.

Just so poor STREPHON, forely smit,
(Who thought his *CÆLIA* never sh-t)

Pursues the Fair thro' all her Mazes 425

While flatt'ring Hope his Ardor raises;

Still eager follows her about,

E'en at the Closestool scents her out,

And, after all his Labours past,

Is forc'd to give her up at last. 430

If thenceforth there's a Likeness found

'Twixt lovelorn STREPHON and the Hound;

If, there's the self same vain Pursuit

Seen in the *Man* as in the *Brute*;

The same hot Zeal, the same no Profit, 435

The same successless End made of it;

And if (as *BACON*'s famous Law says,)

From like *Effects* we draw like *Causes*;

Then, by that Law, we may proclaim

The Object of their Love's the same; 440

And

And boldly, as our *Rabbi* doth,
Conclude a *Tail*'s the Cause of both.

This Thing call'd *Love*, this strange Desire,
That sets our inmost Souls on fire,
This Charm that wraps up all our Senses, 445
In its magnetic Influences,
While either Sex keep such a Pother
And Fufs to get at one another;
T' account for this, has many a Sage
In fruitless Labours spent his Age, 450
His whole Discov'ry, after all,
It is---Because 'tis natural.

'Twas *this Enquiry* first led Way to
That old Hypothesis of PLATO,
Which, with much learned Toil and Trouble, 455
Asserts, that ADAM first was *double*,
Female and Male together join'd,
One Body and two Souls combin'd.
This compound Race began e'er long,
Says he, to prove for Heav'n too strong, 460
Till

Till Jove, resolv'd to keep them under,
Cut their united Forms in sunder.

This Fact allow'd, he next applies
His *Theory of Sympathies*.

The Parts, says he, disjoin'd by Fate, 465
Still recollect their pristine State.

A sympathetic Impulse still
Does thro' their kindred Bosoms thrill;
Each are with other still delighted,
And languish to be re-united. 470

Now, tho' to take these *Facts* on Trust
We'll grant ye the *Conclusion's* just,
Yet (not to slander PLATO's Lustre)
Apply *our Facts*, you'll find them juster.

For could the Female Mind be seen 475
Thro' Prud'ry's hypocritic Screen,
Could we but meet one faithful Breast
Where ev'ry *Passion* stood *confest*,
Where ev'ry *Wish* and ev'ry *Sigh*
Came boldly forth and met the Eye, 480

and T

E

And

And ev'ry *roseate Blush* was vocal,
 We'd find that Love is merely local,
 We'd find 'tis *Part*, and not the *Whole*
 Of *Man* that fires the *Virgin's* Soul;
 We'd find *Thought* hov'ring near *that Place* 485
 From whence *her Sex deriv'd their Race*,
That only Point the single Scope
 And Object of her Fear and Hope.

If Nature then imprints *that Part*
 So strongly on the *Maiden's Heart*; 490
 If she infills in *Passion's Ear*
 A Wish to be *engrafted there*;
 May we not fairly thence conclude,
 That *PLATO's Fable's* false and crude;
 And that, however *he* has mis'd 'em, 495
Our Facts make out a better *System*?
 May we not fairly end our Pages
 With this *great Truth*, for future Ages
 And future Nations to believe?
 'Twas *ADAM's Tail* that now is *EVE's* 500

Thus

METAMORPHOSIS.

27

Thus, Ladies! I have told my Story,
And laid some modest Proofs before you---
A Slave to Beauty's mild Dominion,
I dictate not my own Opinion;
An old Tradition I've related,
A few Conjectures simply stated,
Can shew my Author's Page and Place,
And leave yourselves to judge the Case;
Well knowing if we disagree,
You'll blame the *Rabbins*, and not *me*.

505

510

PORTICO.

T H E E N D.

Thus, indeed, I have told my story,
And said some words which I have
A line to Henry's and Dominick's
I dispute not my own Opinion;
An old Tradition I've related,
A few Conjectures I have stated,
Can show my Author's Page and Place,
And leave you free to judge the Case;
Well knowing if we disagree,
You'll blame the Author, and not me.